

WAR CRY



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OUR FOUR NEW MAJORS.

The Editor's Chat About His Comrades.—Three Cheers for our Crested Warriors!

"Well-earned," is the verdict of most minds who are cognizant of the years of work which the four new Majors, Streeton, Friedrich, Fry, and Bennett, represent. Their full total of service for Christ in the Salvation Army as officers represent forty-two years.

THE FINANCIAL CHIEF.

There is Major Streeton, the Financial Secretary; he is a man with an awful clutch about him. Ensign Frith said at an A.M.-night of Prayer recently, "some folk are all poodle and others all terrier in character, for my part I would much rather be terrier than poodle, and in Major Streeton you have the absence of the poodle with something much more servicable than the snarl of the terrier. He is a foreigner to mere sentiment, and sees everything from the angle of its strictly practical value. He will tell you plain and straight what he thinks, ten to one: "Give a man his due whether he is good or bad," is one of his maxims; which by the way is much better than barrels of soap concealing an evil intent; and yet withal he has such a good heart beneath his matter of fact exterior that no real need of which he knows goes unrelieved if it is in his power to help, in fact, so keen is his pity that it led him on to the sea of matrimony. That highly respected Manageress of the Central Division Citadel in Northampton, England, fell sick, and Master Joseph Streeton pitied her so much with that pity which they say is akin to love that it actually became love, and after duly and successfully rousing the gauntlet of Mrs. Jack's careful motherly inspection, brother Streeton did the best thing he ever did in his life for himself next to getting converted, he married Captain Jack.

When the writer and Major Streeton were cadets in the old English Training Home at Clapham our good tutor Major Hinchcliffe, familiarly known as "Uncle Ben," gave us a rule of the spiritual sphere; it was this: "Association produces assimilation," now the Army authorities speedily discovered the peculiar abilities of their young Lincolnshire cadet, and consequently he has had to do with dollars and cents, or, in English equivalent, doing very much of his Army career, and since "Uncle Ben's" famous formula works out correctly, it may be that the worthy Major has taken on some of the qualities of his environment. Test him, he is genuine metal through and through; he also bears an image and superscription, not Caesar's, but God's, while his capacity for being in circulation is evident since he came out to Canada at a few days' notice, and professes himself ready for a trip to Australia if no Heaven wills. Then he wears well. Some people are like cheap furniture, very showy and attractive at first sight, but they are not long in your company before the French polish wears off and reveals a very inferior article beneath. J. S. is not in that category, the more you are with him, the more you will be sure that he stands towards his fellow-men like the hands of the clock at 6 p.m., viz., right up and straight down.

When Colonel Boon, a man very highly spoken of by those who know the inside track of his life, called Captain Streeton into his office one day, he said:

"Now, Streeton, we have a complicated business downstairs, at which I propose letting you have a try—the Candidates' Department. I don't know whether you will be able to do it or not, there is so much to take hold of; you shall have a try, anyhow." The future Canadian Financial Secretary replied:

"Very well, Sir, if I don't do it, take me out of it."

The Colonel put his fingers through his hair in his characteristic way, and said, "That's it; that's it!"



OUR FOUR NEW JUBILEE MAJORS.

MAJOR STREETON,
Financial Secretary.

MAJOR FRIEDRICH,
Trade Secretary.

MAJOR FRY,
S. A. Musical Expert.

MAJOR BENNETT,
Social Wing Secretary.

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Our Four New Majors.

(Continued from page 1.)

That the job itself was no small thing, will be understood when I mention that there were fifteen hands working in the department on an average of 2,500 applications per year. Captain Streton went at it. There were 1,600 cases on hand at the time; these were dealt with, and a new system, at Colonel Bon's suggestion arranged, by which 14,000 candidates' forms were systematically entered on new rolls by a very simple method, so that any person's papers can be immediately referred to. Many of Headquarters Staff were employed on this for a fortnight after the usual office hours, buns and coffee being supplied on the spot. In three months Captain Streton's work and worth were recognized in his promotion to Adjutant. Another twelve months on the same work as Colonel Lawley's second, saw him made Staff-Captain, that was in July, 1890.

Following this, came various appointments, and finally the transfer to Canada, where he has assumed the very onerous responsibility of Property and Finance Secretary for the Territory.



Lieutenant Joseph Streton—1895

Here is his career: Served September 1893, '94; made Sergeant 1894, '95; Lieutenant, November 1895, '96; Captain, October 1896, '97; Adjutant, May 1898, '99; Staff-Captain, July 1899, '00; Major, July 1900, '01.

THE SOCIAL CHIEF.

"Why, he looks like the learned professor of some Theological Institute," we can imagine some one saying as they take their first glance at the figure now known as Major Bennett on the extreme right of our frontispiece.

"Not at all, friend," we reply, "you have before you a good-hearted, level-headed, straight-forward Yorkshireman, a credit to his country."

Some folk are favored with a warm atmosphere of true Christian parentage, and have their earliest steps directed into the right way of the Lord, but Harry Bennett was not so favored. A dark cloud of domestic estrangement made home not home for him.

He says, "The only time my mother ever came to the Army was one night for about two minutes to see if it were true that her son was actually on the platform."

It was true, blessed be God, he did sit with the hated sect, and so it was and is in many cases, that a man's foe shall be they of his

own household. Nevertheless, Harry Bennett's love and care for his mother has never failed, and God has made up to him for his self-sacrifice abundantly more, in giving him the excellent helpmeet he finds in Mrs. Bennett and the joyous prattle of four lovely children, but in character, too, for the Major is not one of the sort who will allow a little antecent in pettice to rule the house and compel the submission of everyone to her pleasure. Oh, no! "It hurts me more than it does you," he said the other day, as he laid hands on a member of the family, "but I must do it; there must be law and order." Hear, hear, Major, I say, for if a man cannot rule his own house first how shall he rule the church of God? A glimmer, however, at the face of Frank, Lena, and Gracie, will show that the training so far has been successful. The face the index to the heart.

As an illustration of how truly self-sacrifice for Christ's cause pays even in this world we may mention one other domestic instance.

The Major has a brother. This brother called in at the Major's quarters on his way from England to the States. Major Bennett found him in a flood of tears.

"What's the matter?" asked the Major.

"Oh," said the brother, "for all these years I have been seeking to make my way in the world and obtain the comforts of a home and here I am with nothing, while you, who gave up the idea of getting on in this world, have a loving wife and a happy home, and are as happy as angels."

The brother was thoroughly convinced that he was fighting under the wrong flag and losing every time, but he refused to be reconciled to God, and went away to eat buns again.

When I first met Major and Mrs. Bennett about seven years ago, they were vegetarians, and I never saw a healthier couple in my life. Like many other healthy hard-workers, the Major advocates the fruit and grain diet chiefly; most he uses sparingly.

He has a tender heart, a well-balanced brain, and a compact, well-built physical form, which has stood him in good stead on many a long Salvation tramp, and probably will do again. He will not dance you at first, "but he gets there just the same." He has an important sphere of work as the Commandant's right hand man for Social affairs, with many new ventures and sometimes paid to go on, but he no doubt in his right place for he will see clear through the track before he puts his foot down, but when he does it so it will be a reliable advance every time. His career, as follows, is indicative of this:

Served, '92; R. A. soldier, '93; Cadet, '93; Lieutenant, March, '94; Captain, November, '94; Lieutenant, '95; Adjutant, '96; Staff-Captain, '97; Major, July, '98.

THE MUSICAL CHIEF.

All music is God's. It may have wandered away and strayed farther off like a dog with a clipped wing, but heaven is his home; I do not believe hell will have caught a music but grown and shrieked and the woe of the gnashing of teeth.

Admitting our first statement to be correct, Fred. Fry was born with a good deal of heaven in him. He has composed about six pieces of music. He sang his first song at very early age, and it was so a member of the musical Fry family that he first came into the Army. Those old days, what memories the mention reawakens!

The famous old cathedral city of Salisbury was a noticeably rough opening, the presence of a crowd of people surrounding the Army meant always a row in those days. James Moore, a friend of the writer's was one of a number of business gentlemen who appealed to the Home Secretary and four themselves into a special police force for the safety of the Army and the maintenance of peace. The inception of the subscription here, as almost everywhere, being the cause of disorder. Intolerance has led many a sturdy branch of late, but there is a mighty ungainly



A View of Chemnitz, Saxony, where Major Friedrich was born.

root left yet. When the Fry family accompanied the General to South Wales, and there saw the huge mass of people who seemed to the standard of the new crusade all friendly, and actually opening out to make a path for the Army's march, they were astonished. We got another glimpse of the Fry family at the Manchester campaign. The clock-shed houses were not disposed to look with favor on this radical innovation in religious tactics. Night after night the halloo-bow was too great for effective work.

"We will try and win them into attention," said our present Major's father, and that night the Fry family took their places on the front steps of the old Manchester Temple, and with violins and guitar accompanied they sang what were then Bandmaster Fry's latest compositions, viz:

"Let! Let!"

and "Oh, come to this beautiful stream."

little tale that was destined to become famous. At Chemnitz, in Saxony, is supposed the path of martyrdom. A person here with presents a view of the Thurn and Taxis, and just past it the church where the German baby-boy received his baptism, Bruno Friedrich—at the hands of the Lutheran minister, according to Lutheran orthodoxy. What a pity that the land which he took, the world a Lutheran, should have such its own canonical formalism. Young Bruno Friedrich saw such an utter contrast between precept and practice, that he did what the hands of others have done, he left the shell of professionalism, not knowing that was a sweet kernel to be obtained. When went from home, he kept quite away from such canonical formalism. Young Bruno Friedrich was not with the Christ, but rather was a caricature he had seen of Him in the lives of the professors at Chemnitz.

At the State and middle schools he had obtained a good education, including book-keeping, geometry, chemistry, French and Italian, and was then able to fall far behind when he reached a new place. With his globe trotting, he visited Ant, South Germany, Switzerland, and all Canada. Notice the variety of occupations these places: jeweller, bookkeeper, paper factory manager, veterinary surgeon and coach, headwater at Darmstadt, Poland, the Canadian trading post, not to mention many other minor callings thrown in. Truly a man of many parts, especially if it be called a mind that the major writes poetry, studies well, and is welcomed by the public on its platform. His latest exploit is in the photograph line, at which he bids fair to become an expert.

His Army career has been steadily upward. He had blown the froth of the devil's wine and found Christ beneath its death's head and cross bones by the time the Army at Winnipeg. He was just ready to look to wholesale wine firm, manager of Canadian trading post, not to mention many other minor callings thrown in. Truly a man of many parts, especially if it be called a mind that the major writes poetry, studies well, and is welcomed by the public on its platform. His latest exploit is in the photograph line, at which he bids fair to become an expert.

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The following are his steps upward:

Accepted for the work, '91; appointed to Headquarters, '91; Adjutant, August, '92; Staff-Captain, May, '91; Major, July, '94.

You have in the Major a four-square man with originality and fertility of thought, and that universal politeness which gives to a man who is either educated or he travelled outside the sphere of the average still flourish. It is certain that no man's business capacity is needed to run to meet the huge and comprehensive co-operative Trades schemes, for the initiative of such are all indebted to our stalwart, competent, and we accordingly congratulate our new Major on his opportunity, and ourselves on the man who, as an army of interested participants, have for the work.

Perhaps we ought to add that some time ago one of the Canadian statesmen said on the Major's affection, with the fact that another man has been formed in the Army's Happy Home Society. It is understood that on this occasion the Major found a Leman that was not acid.

COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH, the consultation with the General, has decided on the opening up of the Hawaiian Islands, situated in the Pacific Ocean. They will be worked by the American Field.

THERE is an officer in Boston, America, who has been in the Salvation Army about years and never missed a Sunday.



GRACIE. LENA. FRANK.
Cadets in Major Bennett's Training Home.

shows—like a babe by its mother's lullaby.

The Major became Staff bandman May '92, and Staff Captain '94, he has, therefore, had the rank of Staff-Captain about ten years.

Strange to say, musician and poet as he is, he is no dreamer. One expects to see such as him with long curly hair falling in graceful curves over his ears and with a peculiar, wide-away look in his eyes, but no; he is a perfectly matter-of-fact individual, nearly always working; in fact, you would have to travel far to find a person who could manage to tuck in more work in an ordinary day than does Major Fry. He might very well lay claim to the great American poet's verdict on the village blacksmith and say when he lays his head on his pillow nightly,

"Something accomplished, something done
Was earned a night's repose."

THE TRADING CHIEF.

There is a country in Europe, whose people are to all appearance very much akin to the world-colonizing English; indeed, philologists say that many of the common words of both countries are traceable to the same roots, and it is quite within the range of probability to believe that amongst the tribes from which these blue-eyed, flame-haired savages, who left the shores of the Elbe and the North Sea in the early morning of our history, were recruited, there were left that remnant from which has sprung the mighty German Empire of the present day, with its Imperial Blamack to issue the well-known motto, "Trust in God and keep a sharp sword."

Major Friedrich is probably descended from our brothers who stayed away from the



THE MARCH PAST!

AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—LONG LIVE THE GENERAL!

Eastern Province Notes.

BY BRIGAMIER C. T. JACOBS.

My last notes were written at Fredericton on the eve of our campaign there. Now it is a thing of the past, I trust never to be forgotten.

About twenty officers and soldiers came up from St. John, and put in full three. Captain Byers had got everything very nicely prepared, and things well in hand. Throughout the campaign we had very large crowds. It was a nice sight to see such crowds gathered together on a summer's night.

The Sunday was full time. Commenced 6:30 a.m., finished a little after eleven p.m. Souls? Of course! Praise God! Monday was devoted to holiness. At night splendid crowd. Plenty of plain truth, and a beautiful break; a lot seeking pardon and purity.

Some cases of restoration; one case especially made a great impression on me. A brother, who seven years ago was a soldier, had the blessing of a clean heart, left the Army, lost the blessing. In the meeting he finds out where he is, confesses, seeks and finds pardon, gets dancing-happy.

It is very plainly seen that there is one very sensible street railway in the Dominion. Will other cities please copy? Yarmouth in this respect. Why not? What a conscience some people have to want to change the Salvation Army for every little bit of a thing they do. What does Jesus think of these kind of people?

We are now in the train on our way to Annapolis. Having a spare day, we are going to put it in at Bear River. Expect a big crowd. Next day up goes the tent at Annapolis. Needless to say, I am more than delighted to hear from friends. I heard that the soldiers are expecting a night-time. Lord help us to deal out the truth. What poor things words are to express ideas of God, sin, heaven, hell and salvation. Here goes to do a little better than the ordinary best.

I hear sounds that things are to move at Truro. From there we are to be at Moncton from Saturday, August 3rd to August 7th. Here comes in a chance for Amherst, Sackville, Sussex, Hillsboro, Chatham and Newcastle. Avail yourself of it. I am so tired of hearing people begrudging to pay a dollar for travelling to get their poor souls blessed.

Thursday the last night. Great night for souls. A big slaughter; swords well sharpened, guns loaded, a desperate charge and a hard-to-hand conflict. Ten killed and made alive again in the same meeting. The wounded were too many to count; in all, about forty were out for pardon and purity for the four days. Glory to God.

Have just finished six days at Yarmouth. Beautiful weather. No doubt in answer to prayer. About fifteen officers and soldiers came from St. John. Found Benjamin and Mrs. Gage in good spirits, considering they have so recently lost their dear boy. God bless them. They feel the loss very much.

For crowds, the meetings were splendid; for souls, fair. About twenty for pardon and purity. We wish it had been more. Great interest appeared in the open-air and marches. A gentleman gave us a piece of ground free for the tent, and the street railways announced the meetings on their cars for a week by carrying an announcement on the back and front of their cars free of charge.

If I did not know better, I would be led to think they were a little hard up; that won't work. I am too old to swallow down without any sugar that doctrine. Come now, don't be so mean. What is the use of hoarding up so much money? Come and worship the Lord at Moncton.

Now, you Moncton soldiers, I hope you are praying; don't think we are going to do it all. Pray, pray, pray. Just put yourself in God's hands, and do what God wants you yourself, and pray for everybody else.

Sussex don't get frightened. We can accommodate nearly all the population in our tent; therefore everybody should come. From Saturday, August 10th to 14th we expect to be there. Now, quite a number of St. John's soldiers have returned from Fredericton and Yarmouth with good news. Don't you wish you had been there? Here is a chance for you, visit Sussex.

It is always good to have definite subjects for prayer at all these and any other meetings. I commend the following plan to you. Have a special prayer meeting before the start, and instead of praying for everything, in general and nothing in particular, for a change try as follows:

Subjects for prayer:

1st. That God will especially inspire the leader of the meetings, and help him to speak the plainest truth possible.

2nd. That God will keep on fire the visiting officers.

3rd. That the visiting soldiers may be made a means of blessing to the town.

4th. For souls! Souls! Souls!

5th. That there may be a holiness revival.

6th. For the reclaiming of backsliders.

7th. For a great shaking up amongst the careless that don't generally come, and so on.

Make as many subjects as you like, and if you think it wise, name out a few people and get someone to pray for each.

Don't forget that you can come from any I.C.R. station for single fare. Buy an ordinary first-class single ticket, and ask for standard certificate.

Pacific Coast Ramblings.

Three months ago we said good-bye to our loved Commandant as the train was moving eastward from the Vancouver Depot, and turning right about face, we soon found ourselves at the battle's front. Plunging into the thick of battle life, we tried to bury those feelings of loneliness akin to the human when war calls for separation.

What a war of sacrifice, what a war of real life. What privilege to the Salvationist is war, marching down the street wearing the red gurney with a blood-washed heart beneath it, an ambassador of mercy, grace and truth. Long live the General, our prophet of God, whose inspiration has opened to us a field of labor, a life of usefulness, toil and devotion, all emanating from a pure, God-given principle—love.

We have no defect to report; in fact, it is one of conquest. In spite of the shifting population of the Coast, our roll (soldiers) is steadily increasing. The whole Coast has gone through a season of financial depression unknown before in its history, yet our collections meet all the expenses at the various corps, and here in Victoria the collections grandly improved during the past three months.

Goodly numbers come to our meetings. Sing? Well, they beat Canada anywhere. This brings liberty, and one feels right at home as chorus after chorus is taken up by the audience. Then the soldiers are a very whole-hearted soldiery, they make you feel the "God bless you" spirit, and rally to fight loyally by the side of their officers who lead them for victory. Then they love to give, and enjoy a good collection as well as a well-sung solo, which several of them are well

adapted to. God bless the soldiery of the Coast.

Vancouver Braves are to enjoy a wedding on the 16th inst. Bandmaster and —, well, I must tell no tales. It was my privilege to hold a field day at this city on the 1st (Dominion Day). The glory of God came on the meeting. I also held a social demonstration at the 1st Methodist and East Presbyterian churches. The work of the Shelter is being taken hold of by the people of Vancouver, who, by the way, know a good thing when they see it. Mayor Anderson, who was chairman at the crowded meetings of citizens in our barracks, stated: "The need of an institution of this character is so great in our city, that it simply means the Army or the city to do this thing. I believe," he added, "that the Salvationists are the people who will do it best." I assured them that the Commandant would push the scheme right ahead if the necessary funds were subscribed for this object. Every prospect of a successful work here in this city. The Lieutenant is holding on to the command, and God is standing by her giving victory in Vancouver.

New Westminster is also moving forward. Captain Smith, an old veteran of war, is leading. It was my privilege to do a week-end here last Sunday. The new band playing made the long hills seem shorter in the marches. Several souls lately at this corps.

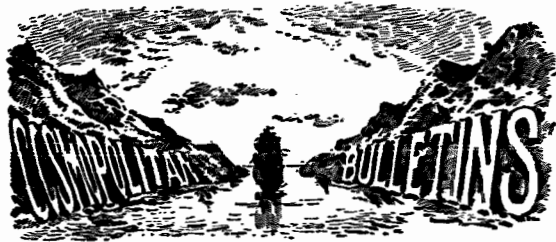
Vernon. Well, we had to disappoint in our appointment here. The dates proposed for the visit found me laid aside with a severe attack of inflammation, which kept me on my back for four days. Hallelujah for recovery. So we will see these two braves of outlying fields next week. Also we intend stopping over at Mount Lehman, so you will have an interesting report of the mountain work soon.

Captain Patten, of Nanaimo, reports victory from her corps. This fight here is a hard one, but God is making bare His arm here in soul-saving. Nanaimo has one of the finest Salvation Army bands that I have ever listened to. They also pray, and go in for God there. Music was well appreciated at the field day in Vancouver.

Captain Macneil, of Victoria, is a great WAR CRY soldier for a week but what she sells on the streets from 175 to 200 copies. Mrs. Archibald averages seventy weekly.

ADJUTANT ARCHIBALD.

WHAT what would the nightingale care if the toad despised her singing? She would still sing on and leave the toad to his dark shadow. What cares the General for the moans of men who grovel upon earth? He is to sing on. If ye were not strangers here the dogs of the world would not bark at you.



The Latest Up to Date from the Headquarters of the World.

London, 101 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.—THE MAN THE ARMY DELIGHTS TO HONOR.—Almost the first retrospective thought, we imagine, of those who turn to this column will be, "How has the General stood it all?" We are delighted to say that he has been graciously sustained, and that the promise of physical and mental vigor which was displayed on the eve of the great Congress has been more than fulfilled. The thousands who looked upon his genial face, and listened to his words of inspiration at the C.P., the Two Days, or the councils which have wholly absorbed his time and talents, were more than ever struck by "the Divine fitness of things" that has raised up such a man to lead our Salvation forces. Long may God spare him to direct, enthuse and set the pace for our conquering forces!

A rest! Not he! To-day and up till Thursday a most important series of councils will tax the General's strength, and after that, he pulls himself together for an invasion of Holland! Will our readers beseech for him strength of body equal to the schemes of his ardent soul?

P.S.—Since writing the above, we regret to learn that the General was suddenly seized, this morning, with what appears to be a development of a former tendency to asthma. But though manifestly suffering acutely, he was able to conduct the staff meeting to-night, now in progress at the Congress Hall. We are glad to be assured, however, that the pain is subsiding. In consequence of this indisposition, our appeal for prayer on the General's behalf is intensified. May God sustain him!

"NEER SHALL US GLORY FADE!"—This, we think, will be the fate of the event from which July 3rd, 1894, can never be dissociated. All else circled round the C.P.—had done so for months, and, perhaps for all time, waves of influence will go swelling out to lap the round globe with blessing. The international importance of the celebration was a point that the secular press seized upon and emphasized almost as much as they praised the organization displayed, which seemed to pass their comprehension. Hurriedly gathering up all the threads of experience and opinion, we weave the verdict that, by the good blessing of God, the C.P. is a gigantic step forward for the Kingdom. The narrowest and widest day of delight to the eyes, of joy to the hearts, and of elevation to the souls of thirty thousand people; worth all the herculean labors the celebration involved, and a lasting monument to the devotion, skill and affection of leaders and followers alike.

OUR GREAT SOUL WEEK.—The Canadian Congress Party visited the International Trade Headquarters yesterday. One of the Staff, in response to a word of regret that they should have missed the O.P. day, said, "Yes, oh, yes, it was a pity. But, praise God, we have been well repaid already for our visit. In what way?" We remarked, "By what we have seen and heard at the Queen's Hall."

"Well repaid!" The Canadian view is very much to the point. Our twenty-ninth anniversary—the celebration of which has involved so much time, labor, and money—has been one of the very best investments the Army has ever made. Whether we view it in the light of direct or indirect, present or future, results, one conclusion is forced upon us. It was the outlet for a mighty baptism of the Divine Spirit. On the day of the demonstration itself the great and constant aim of the Salvation Army was, under the vaulted ceilings of glass, in the canvas tents, and beneath the smoking rays of semi-tropical sunbaths, directed with well-ventilated energy, from early till late, to secure the happiness, holiness, and salvation of the people. In

the open-air stam officers and handmen persuaded two men to take up their cross, kneel on the ground, and cry for deliverance. In the tents every hour minis were yielding.

Last Reserve, Backslider Meeting Over Unbelief, and Sinners Flinging

themselves at the feet of the world's Redeemer. At the solemn Assembly, among the first to acknowledge the need of the cleansing fountain was a poor, emaciated victim of alcohol, who had strolled, in a state of intoxication, into the grounds. But these incidents, important as they were, indicated more inspiring things to follow.

The Two Days' meetings in the Queen's Hall and the overflow in Exeter Hall will never be forgotten. They were electric in their spirit. It was impossible to escape the contagion of fervor which thrilled the singing and believing. Everything was carried along on the wings of faith. Every truth spoken was as a nail in a sure place. Every appeal made awakened a response. Our beloved leader never spoke as he did on Thursday and Friday nights. It was not speaking in the conversational term. It was convincing talk—sharp, penetrating, heart-moving. The people—or rather the callous, half-hearted, half-saved portion of them—were moved down under the lightning-like sermons with which divine truth was handled. Judged by figures, the record has been completely broken. Through the instrumentality of the Council of Peace, and including the gain of the Palace door, over one thousand souls publicly sought God, the majority for definite heart-separation from sin, many to be reconciled to God.

A large portion of our foreign warriors have been divided into three storming parties, who will attack old England, north, south, east and west. No. I, contingent will consist of Indians, led by Commissioner Lucy Booth, assisted by Brigadier Fawcett Day and Major Bullard. No. II, of the Maoris, led by Colonel McKie. No. III, of the Americans, Africans and Continentals, under the direction of Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Tucker.

CLAPTON CONGRESS HALL.—Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker and Colonel Rahand in command, with the Indian party. Great excitement in Clapton. Largest movement covered for years. March and knee-drill in good style. Hall gorged at night; gates closed against crowds. Mrs. Booth-Tucker set a rare form, holding the people with God-given might. Thirty-one souls. The last yielded at a quarter past eleven p.m., making fifty for the night. Finished with a native war-dance and great spiritual exhilaration. Finances, £23.

RECENT HALL.—Commander Bellingham Booth and American party in command. Hall packed; people turned away. Soldiers and congregation positively charmed with the visit. Magnificent meetings. Tens of joy and sorrow throughout the day. Grand result: Eighty-two for consecration and salvation. Finances good. Everybody says, "God bless and speed the American and their noble Commander!"

Wonderful day at Sheffield Citadel yesterday. Visit of La Marchese and Commissioner Booth-Oliphant. Citadel filled three times in spite of the heat; many turned away. Last night, singing, and speaking of French and Swiss party enthusiastically received. La Marchese spoke with her old time power, moving crowds to tears. Thirty rose for consecration, and twenty-seven sought pardon.

This sentence erected no alibi to death, because it is inescapable.

The origin of the Hindu's turban is supposed by many to have been the wearing of the winding cloth to remind the wearer of his own mortality.

What Lassies Should Wear.

With all our heart we endorse the comments of a critical friend who writes on the desirability of uniformity of uniform in our ranks. We print the letter trusting it may act as a wholesome caution to our sisters, coming them to realize how closely they are watched, and to show what a high standard they are expected to live up to, even by the outside world. There is not the slightest excuse for anyone now to say that she does not know what to wear, after Mrs. Booth has held such a definite, practical and to-the-point council as the one referred to.

Let us proclaim war to the death to all the silly nonsense of puffs, and ruffles, and fancy cuts. The uniform for lassies now is as simple as A. B. C.

We trust the sister-officers will not only carry it out themselves, but make it an essential part of the day's work to see that her girl-soldiers fall into line in this matter also. What could they wish nicer than the Norfolk?

So anxious is Mrs. Booth that there shall be no fog remaining on this all-important point, that she has been at the trouble of reprinting the result of the council, in pamphlet-form—illustrated—so that the delightfully simple and straight-forward regulation orders may be in the hands of every officer before the next new dress is bought and cut:—

FOR THE LA FRANCHISE.

DEAR EDITOR,—I would like to mention here a word or two on S.A. uniform. Having been at the Camp Meetings held here, I noticed throughout the crowd of S.A. soldiers and officers there was a marked diversity in their uniforms. I mean that the female line, you could hardly find two dressed alike. Now, my idea of an army is

Uniform Throughout the Ranks,

and I understand the S.A. have a proper regulation uniform, but there seems to be a great difficulty to get these soldiers and officers to comply with the regulation uniform.

You can see there is such a danger of drifting from one thing to another, until it's hard to discern between S.A. soldiers and outsiders. Having heard different remarks passed about uniform at those Camp Meetings I decided to pass them on to you. Mrs. Booth's COUSINS IN THE 'CAY ON UNIFORM WAS GRANTED, AND I TRUST THAT THE LASSIES WILL PROFIT FROM IT. One interested in the S.A. F.G.J.



S. G. Annie Baily writes: "They sold 230 between them, but they did not give in the exact numbers."

Capt. Miller, Port Arthur	101
Capt. Miller, Port Arthur	10
Capt. O'Brien, Calgary	10
Sgt. Armstrong, St. John III.	60
Sgt. L. Lindley	60
Capt. Johnston, Montreal	60
Lieut. Kemp, Calgary	40
Sister Wilson	40
Mrs. Capt. Hume, Picton, N.S.	35
Lieut. Hill, Brockville	35
Capt. Warkle, Hamilton	32
Sister Kirkman, Port Arthur	31
Lieut. Moulton, Galt	30
Joan Shaw and May Wain	30
Lieut. Tucker, Essex	28
Capt. Rutledge, Galt	28
Lieut. Anna Pifer, Kemptville	27
Lieut. A. Pifer, Kemptville	26
Ordet McRachter, St. John V.	25
Sister Kirkman, Port Arthur	25
Mrs. Kellie, Lager Street	25
Brother Bailey, Montreal, N.S.	25
Lieut. Barker, Lager Street	25
Sgt. Hume, Brockville	22
Frederic Macnamara, Brockville	22
Capt. Prince, Springfield, N.S.	22
Mrs. Stickle, Lager Street	20
Sister Bowen, Lager Street	20
Sgt. Hume, Brockville	20
Mrs. Rogers, Oshington	18
Mrs. Butler	18
Annie Blackstock	18
Minnie Wood	12
Ordet Pifer, Lager Street	12
Ensign Crockett, Springfield, N.S.	11
Capt. Loring, Lager Street	10
Sister Dickenson, Port Arthur	10
Lieut. Dyer (in two weeks), Dresden	20



- 1.—OUR FOUR NEW MAJORS.
- 2.—THE GRAY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL, at the C.P. 1st Falls.
- 3.—THE GRAY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL (continued).
- 4.—OUR FOUR NEW MAJORS (continued).
- 5.—THE CAPITAL PALACE DEMONSTRATION FOR ANOTHER STANDPOINT.
- 6.—THE WORKMAN'S HOTEL.
- 7.—THE WOMAN'S SHELTER.
- 8.—THE GRAY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL.
- 9.—THE GRAY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL.
- 10.—THE GRAY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL.
- 11.—THE GRAY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL.
- 12.—THE GRAY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL.
- 13.—THE GRAY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL.
- 14.—THE GRAY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL.
- 15.—THE GRAY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL.
- 16.—THE GRAY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL.
- 17.—THE GRAY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL.
- 18.—THE GRAY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL.
- 19.—THE GRAY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL.
- 20.—THE GRAY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL.
- 21.—THE GRAY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL.
- 22.—THE GRAY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL.
- 23.—THE GRAY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL.
- 24.—THE GRAY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL.
- 25.—THE GRAY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL.
- 26.—THE GRAY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL.
- 27.—THE GRAY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL.
- 28.—THE GRAY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL.
- 29.—THE GRAY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL.
- 30.—THE GRAY INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL.

What I Was Once.

BY SERGEANT-MAJOR HARRIS.

THEY—I'm a soldier should you want me. (B. J., 74; S.M.I., 125)

Once I was poor and wretched,
My heart was sad and within;
My life it was a failure,
Being blighted by my sin.
But now I'm saved and happy,
And on my joyous way;
I have that my Redeemer
Has come in my heart to stay.

CHORUS.

I'm a soldier should you want me,
You will find me in the Salvation Army.
My sins are all forgiven,
Which did like mountains rise;
I am living day by day,
For my home beyond the skies.
And now I'm in the Army,
And with them march and sing;
I don the uniform as well,
I wear it for the King.

Now, just a word, poor sinner,
To you who are in sin;
Oh, come to Jesus while you may,
And He will take you in.
He'll pardon all the guilty past,
Your sins He'll wash away;
So then you can with me rejoice,
And praise Him day by day.

QUI VIVE.

Harvest Festival Annual Celebration—Newfoundland, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, September 30th, 31st and October 1st; Canada, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, September 31st, 1st and 2nd.

I Was Lost.

THEY—They'll sing a welcome home to me. (B.N., 50; B.J., 62)

Once I was lost and far from God,
My heart was black within;
I wandered on the downward road,
Till weary of my sin.

CHORUS.

My Jesus, how I love Thy name,
What pines and joy it brings to me;
I love Thee for Thy precious love,
To set me once free.
Jesus, oh, what love I
Jesus, oh, what love I
The love that brought Thee from above,
To die on Calvary.

I heard the voice of Jesus call,
"My child, give me thy heart";
I listened to the tender voice,
For heaven made a start.

I came to Jesus with my sin,
He freed me from my guilt;
He bade my troubled spirit cease,
For me His blood was spilt.

And now I find that day by day,
He helps me do His will;
Where'er my lot in life may be,
I'll follow Jesus still.

Territorial Topics.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

Get Ready!
Arrangements at each corps should now be well in hand for the Harvest Festival. Beginning in time is half the victory. Now, after the magnificent assurance given at the June Congress, I don't feel one anxious fear as to the result. You have only my command to go at it as you went at the discussion of it. With the same pluck that pledged you to the increase, you will now then strike your target.

Targets Again.
As decided at the Congress, each province, district, and corps is to have its target. Nothing helps like something definite to aim at. The money will be devoted to paying off debts of poor corps to Headquarters. The strong will help the weak; the weak will help themselves into the hands and the whole field will help Headquarters to meet the heavy demands made upon it.

Better Than Ever!
Our splendid victories of the past will fill me with unbounded confidence when I again call my followers to this conflict. Never once have we failed when together we set our faces and our faith to the foe. We shall not do so now. This must be the best victory of all. Remember, it is fought on the eve of our beloved General's visit. I shall want to give a good account of every corps and every officer, and every soldier in Newfoundland on the 18th of September. Shall it be so? I know it shall.

Suggestions.
One or two suggestions will be helpful. There must be a better division of labor, especially in the larger corps. Apprehension the responsibility and we shall produce more. Let the gifts be arranged together in order of their giving. Let the businessmen take a stall and the landowners another, the doctors another, the teachers another, the farmers another. Arrange one reasonable price to look after each stall, and you will have far more in the way of gifts, effect, interest, and cash. Try it.

Feed the Saints.
Go in for more gifts of food. If we could convert ourselves into a huge co-operative society, and supply our entire Army for that week-end, we should double the proceeds straight off. Take butcher's meat, too. Enough money will be spent by Newfoundland on beef steaks, etc., between the first and eighth of September to make up the total of last year's proceeds. Why not beg the beef steaks and take the cash? Under such circumstances there would be a joy for each in paying for beef steaks?

Go for the Grocers.
Groceries, too. It is perfectly wonderful how a grocer's store may contribute to the interests of the war. Every man is a market; he is bound to eat, and what he eats he is bound to pay for. Beg the rest of all kinds, and sell it to him, giving the cash to "C.O.D." in the gift of tea, sugar, rice, eggs, butter, etc., etc., etc., and you will find little difficulty in disposing of them.

Victory at the Point of the Needle.
We must make some extra effort this year to secure gifts of material. The doctors should take a special interest in this. Their stalls should largely consist of serviceable, plainly-made garments for children and others. Let them go to the dry goods store and represent their desire to understand and help for the cause and the Kingdom. They should have little difficulty in securing gifts of material from such places, which can be made up.

Give. There must be no flattery. Nothing that is contrary to the principles of the Army must be permitted upon our stalls. Great success seems to have attended the efforts of our comrades in England during the Jubilee year in this direction. Let the sisters be organized into a Sewing Brigade, and give two evenings a week from now till the Harvest Festival for the manufacture of such articles. It will be surprising how much they will produce.

And don't leave the hardware people out. Gifts of kettles, pots and pans, brooms, benches, furniture of any kind, should be asked for. Every citizen in the city ought to contribute something in the way of kind to our annual exhibition of gifts.

Now we come to live stock. I am expecting great things this year. Our efforts last year in this direction produced for the Toronto Exhibition alone, — steers, — cows, — sheep, — ducks, — hens and roosters, — pigs, and that was under far less inviting circumstances. This year we have our Social Farm, and we have thousands of acres to beg for. Our business is just beginning. I have planned arrangements on a big scale in the faith that anticipates large gifts of stock and other farm produce. I fervently believe at least fifty farmers will be found in the Dominion to present us with one little porker each. I think, too, we ought to have at least a hundred hens and roosters for our splendid chicken ranch. Our stock is greatly in need of the gifts of them which will save us purchasing money. Ditto to horses.

I hope in an early issue of the *Cry*, before the Harvest Festival, to write a full and illustrated description of the farm, what we have, and what we anticipate.

The Social Stock.
Another series of gifts I am hoping to secure this year in the direction of the farm are in the line of food. Every pound of food presented represents an equivalent amount of profit for our undertaking. Take, for instance, the Chicken Ranch. How much more we should be able to make up a tremendous amount if we can secure from crops, friends, and farmers a sufficient supply of grain to feed them. The stock we raise would then be much gain with very little outlay.

Observe also. Food, as a rule, is not a thing begged for in our Harvest Festivals, as there is no particular outlet. No one has asked for cats, wheat, or barley hitherto, because there has been very little in the way of a tremendous surplus that requires. What I have thought is this: Can we not ask fifty corps as a start this year to contribute one sack each of food of various kinds. A drive round among the farmers would surely produce such a result. In the sack there could be a bag of peas, a bag of oats, a bag of wheat, a bag of barley, or, if preferable, the sack might be full of any one of these articles.

When the sack is complete it could be put up for sale, and some friendly visitors should be got to buy it for the Farm. Then it could be shipped to Toronto, and the money sent through to Headquarters. Think what fifty sacks of food would represent to us this year as our Farm!

Arrangements are drawing more complete for the General's visit. Major Morris is busily engaged fixing the Newfoundland program. A dispatch is hourly expected at Toronto, giving full details of the General's visit.

The General's Campaign.
The General will probably arrive at Halifax on Friday, September 21st, and the following will be something like a rough outline of his tour: He will be greeted by a naval reception in the harbor at Halifax and conduct a great meeting the same evening in the largest hall that can be secured. He will spend the Saturday and Sunday in Halifax. We then hope for him to pass through to Trenton, Chicago, Cleveland, Boston, and back to Montreal. Then he will spend Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, September 29th and 30th, and October 1st.

Following this he will visit Fredericton, do a short demonstration as he passes through New Brunswick, visit Quebec, and get in Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 6th, 7th, and 8th of October at Montreal. Then he will visit Ottawa, Cornwall, and Moncton.

At Moncton a most interesting feature of the tour will be the new yacht, the *as. William Booth*, as will be seen by her engagements, will have reached this port, and everything on board will be made ready for the reception of the General.

The fore part of the ship and the state-room will be specially fitted for the General's convenience and the Navy. Together with other arrangements, which will have the privilege of forming the General's Guard of Honor from this point, until he passes through to the States. After embarking at Moncton the General will steam up the St. Lawrence, calling for short demonstrations at Prescott, Brockville,

Gananoque, and Kingston, where he will spend Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 13th, 14th, and 15th of October, after which we hope to arrange some receptions and short meetings at Rich, Picton, Deseronto, Ballville, Port Hope, and Cobourg, where he will leave the boat and proceed by rail to Ithaca, after which he will go straight to New York City.

The advantages of the cruise up the St. Lawrence and along the lake are obvious. We can make our time and suit locomotion to our convenience. The privacy of the arrangement will enable the General to do a heap of work which would be very difficult on board trains. It will enable him to rest in between times, and thus permit of his doing far more in public than he could possibly do. Best of all, it enables us to give many of these smaller places an opportunity of seeing the General and hearing his voice, if only for half an hour. The reception of our little cruiser, with the General on board, will also add great interest to the occasion. Our Veteran Leader could not be introduced in a more fitting manner. Numerous crowds will doubtless turn out on the wharves in each place. Addresses of welcome will be given to the General from all classes of the community and the interest will be very keen.

This program is only, of course, provisional. It is too early to speak definitely of what may transpire. Unforeseen circumstances may necessitate alteration here and there. Some places may be dropped out, and others added, but the whole Army may reckon upon it that efforts will be spared to bring the General to the very utmost inch touch with as large a number of people as the time and his strength will permit.

It will be observed, too, that this is only about half, and certainly the least important half of the General's visit to Canada. From as he passes down to New York and traverses the whole Continent of the United States, coming again on to our territory most likely in the end of December or the middle of January at Vancouver, from which point he will work his way eastward to Winnipeg, and through the States again, entering Ontario at Windsor. After making the tour of West Ontario, he will conclude his visit to Canada by a gigantic series of meetings in Toronto, attended by as many of the officers of the Dominion as possible, probably about the first or second week in February, 1905.

It will be observed, too, that the General will be on the Continent of America almost six months. From accounts received, some of which are printed in the *C. P.* present issue of the *Wax Cry*, the International Congress at the C. P. seems to have been a most successful one. Those who have attended them can understand the inspiration of these great field days, and few but those who have organized them can grasp the magnitude of their import. Truly, we have an Army which, for discipline, obedience, and order, can scarcely be equalled by the armed men of Europe. The essentially new features of the C. P. day seem to have been the best of the day "salutes of the nations." Every Territorial leader was required to send a message to the General, which was simultaneously presented to him by a representative, and enrolled on a large screen before the gaze of assembled thousands. I found myself in a bad fix when the demand for the messages reached me. I was compelled with a thousand things, but managed to extricate some poetic flourish of the night lake on the cars on my way from the East. I see it was too long to get on the screen, so they dropped out the middle, for I should be thought partial to the extinction of my command. However, I will print it all here:

"From the Sherman's hut in the icebound north,
From Newfoundland's shores, where the waves break in wait,
From fair Nova Scotia, where you are revered,
And lovely New Brunswick, to which you're endeared,
From the heights of Quebec, where your soldiers hold on,
From Ontario's fields, where, though pressed, we have won,
From wide Manitoba, the land of the free,
And under Alberta's horizon to the Pacific sea,
From the snow-covered prairie, where the Rockies tower,
From Columbia's river, and vale, and tower,
All Canada's sons, with her daughters unite
In praising our God for your fifty years' fight;
We pray that you long may stay our reign,
And come very quickly to see us again."

Come Along, Too.

BY MRS. PAUL, WOODSTOCK, ONT.

TUNE—Shout aloud, salvation boys. (B. J. No 2.)

Come along, ye sinners, who have heard the joyful sound,
Of a Father Christ, in Whom true pleasure do abound,
Come and kneel at Jesus' cross, where many souls have found
A Saviour Who'll lead you to glory.

CHORUS.

March on, march on, we're bringing the jubilee,
Many, many years His knock and strive with thy heart,
Called thee to give up thy sin, from evil to depart,
And He's promised that to you His Spirit He'll impart,
If you will now start for glory.

If you know the joy and peace there is in serving God,
From this moment you would sacrifice all worldly trust,
And henceforth your soul is laid to rest beneath the sod

You'd rise and at once start for glory.

When you've been to Jesus, and the Lord has pardoned you,
And you're now fighting 'neath the yellow, and red and blue,
Don't forget to pray in earnest for some brother, too,
Who should be reaching to glory.

THE SIMPLE.

"The Lord preserveth the simple."—DAVID.

"What a funny statement to make," says someone; "how mistaken David must have been, for that is least applicable to the present age, when the first intelligence and wisdom taking the lead on every side."

Even in the Salvation Army we find there are great benefits derived from education.

What can David have meant? He certainly says, "The Lord preserveth the simple." And he was a man who had passed through varied experiences in his journey from the shepherd to the throne.

His path, if not one of

"Scientific Evolution,"

was at least one of "Divine education." He certainly must have known a great deal more when he had reached to the position of ruler over all Israel and Judea, than he did in his more humble position of shepherd for his father, yet he makes the above statement.

And has it not been verified in the lives of the leaders of God's hosts all down through the ages? Even in the present century men have arisen, called by God from their lives of wickedness and delinquency, who have become men of God, power in the destruction of the strongholds of the devil. Yet in spirit you would

find them children, living at the feet of Jesus, just obeying His voice and walking in His footsteps.

Yes, and how they have been preserved and kept 'neath the greatest conflicts. The enemy seeing they cannot be overcome by fighting against them, says, "I will

Rob Them of Their Simplicity."

Thus destroying their peace and power.

If they are Salvation Army officers, it may be that they get a good corps, and become popular. Secret prayer is neglected, the voice of satanic is listened to, they lose that good, old simple spirit that was with their first anointing.

They begin to feel that they are too intelligent to be wanting their talent in the Salvation Army work, yet they never would have seen the light of the intelligent day, nor the opportunity that this day offers, if it were not for the Salvation Army.

They have lost the power they once had. There is some minor teaching, they do not care to be dictated to; they step out, and, as someone who has taken the step expresses it, there is no one knows the darkness that comes over the individual who takes this step.

Oh, what opportunity there is for

The Spirit of Intemperance

taking the place of the dove of peace!

And if they do not get lost in the darkness, they wake up to the conclusion, that no matter how much they may have been

misunderstood and mistaken, they first got off the track when they drifted away from the simple spirit of the Lord. They might have possessed knowledge, but they should have never grown beyond the spirit of Christianlike simplicity.

Oh, how many earnest workers have been lost in this way! Oh, how many mighty men have fallen 'neath the power of the enemy!

If these lines should meet the gaze of such an one, I would say, in this year of Jubilee and reconciliation, with all the love and longing desire of my heart,

Come Back;

come back to the old position of simplicity. My spiritual sympathy you have to-day, my prayer is towards you. May you come back, and may we all together prove as of old, that "the Lord preserveth the simple." Because we realize the saving power of the spirit of Christianlike simplicity in our lives.

A. W. C.

'TION.

Harvest Festival Demonstrations throughout Canada and Newfoundland.

Canadian dates: Saturday, Sunday and Monday, September 1st, 2nd and 3rd; Newfoundland dates: Saturday, Sunday and Monday, September 26th, 30th and October 1st.

C. P. CONTINGENT'S Doings and Seeings.

(Despatch from our Own Correspondent.)

Londonderry reached, we steamed across the Irish Sea, blessed with a calm and lovely passage, and reached the port of entry to the British Isles just eleven days and four hours after leaving Montreal. We headed straight for London, and had the pleasure after partaking of light refreshment and a blessing from our late dear leader, Colonel Ross, of filing into the historic Congress Hall during the

The last few Moments of our Beloved General's Address

to 4,000 field officers.

How the sight of that large hall, seated comfortably with officers only, sent a thrill of gratitude through our very beings, as seeing so many wholly devoted to the salvation of souls!

But what a sense of sorrow on first sight of the veteran leader, whose looks and appearance had aged so since we left for the shores of Canada.

Time flies, and slimmer, you wish we will join in the inevitable procession to the grave, and after death the judgment.

Next morning we filed into the most capacious and most richly decorated and finely proportioned and uniquely arranged hall in Europe,

The Queen's Hall,

Latham Place, London. Two Days with God, the announcement, and Full Salvation, the topic. The large hall, seating 4,000, comfortably filled during our morning and noon sessions and night, with overflow meeting at night at Exeter Hall. The same repeated the next day. Results, fifty-seven forward in the first morning, twenty-one in the afternoon, 130 at night; next morning, thirty-seven, and 115 at night.

We, as Canada's representatives, will content ourselves with a few observations and sidelights.

I. That we (although missing the C. P.) felt amply repaid for all money and time spent after attending the Queen's Hall meetings.

II. These meetings were the most glorious (and as near heavenly in experience) meetings we have attended in our life.

III. That it was simply marvelous the way in which people walked out to the pentecost form, and that when a century of souls was announced, a mighty shout of victory went forth. That fathers were scattered all over the hall, and everything systematically worked, so that from the top gallery, the balcony, the area, and even from the platform, where several had converted themselves, they came trooping down to the pentecost form, generally accompanied by a father.

IV. That with that old Canadian, Commissioner Coombe, leading the prayer meeting, others who have fought in days gone by in the land of the Maple Leaf, together with the present Canadian C.P. representatives, formed a ring and led it down the pentecost form, to the front. We got the glory in our eyes, and danced like David before the Lord.

V. That a march by of the nations (forty nationalities being represented by actual delegates) took place on the second afternoon, and Canada's party literally danced and whirled down the aisles and round the hall.

VI. That a mighty baptism of love seems to have come upon everybody since we last were in England.

VII. That the unity and love manifested, even though a babel of tongues existed amongst the nations, was a wonderful proof of the mighty power of God, and the success of the Salvation Army throughout the earth. Mixed promiscuously in various national dresses and colors, were Finlanders, French, Canadians, Americans, Dutch, Norwegians, Indians, Australians, New Zealanders, Kaffirs, South Africans, Hottentots, Zulus, Maoris, Swis, Swedes, Jamaicans, Germans, Italians, Belgians, Danes, Argentines, Armenians, Japanese, Spaniards, colored brethren from the States, Corsicans, and others; and yet while we could not all understand one another, a beautiful spirit of love and kindness to one another seemed to possess the whole.

VIII. That all were inspired and determined to go forward still. King Jesus all right again amongst the nations.

IX. That Canada was represented, and we had the privilege of introducing to the varied nationalities in the Queen's Hall, the Commandant's latest tune to the words of:

"Oh, Lamb of God I come!"

X. That the General publicly announced his intention of visiting Canada within a few months.

The next day we trooped away to Letton I. for the week-end, accompanied by Major Bough, whom Canadians know and love so well. Arrived at our destination, we filed into a chariot, and, preceded by hand, we went round town. Our winter costumes caused the crowd to gather. Stepping out on the main street, we had a good pitch in at the devil. Away to the barracks, good meeting held, and then home to sleep. Bright and early at knee-still we commenced the day's warfare, and finished up at night with souls at the Cross, a packed barracks, about 1,400 people, and \$40 collection for the day.

Letton, a centre for the straw hat industry, has 30,000 population, two Salvation Army corps, with full brass band each, on Army barracks, and over 300 soldiers at the two corps.

Next day we journeyed back to London, had tea with the General and his Staff officers, and despatched this report from the midst of some wonderful soul-inspiring and faith-inspiring meetings. Hoping to return to our land with soul and body refreshed, ready to tackle the devil afresh. For God and souls.

FRIDGAWATER.

140 Miles Around Peterboro District.

Thursday found us on our way for MANNEBA, which is twenty-eight miles from Peterboro, a beautiful drive through some of the best farming country I have ever seen. We broke our journey at Millbrook and looked after our temporal needs. I might say Manneba is an outpost to Millbrook. After tea we were reinforced by the Captain and a comrade and started on our journey, which was reached just before morning-time. We had a nice little meeting in a log hut, which is sometimes filled to overflowing. God was with us and good was done.

Friday night was spent at MILLBROOK, where Adjutant Macdonald gave a most eloquent lecture on the Social Branch of our work. With the various churches, some houses, social farms, and co-operative stores, figuratively speaking, the Adjutant got there with both feet. At this meeting Ensign MacDonald gave a most descriptive exposition of the Provincial Song. Quite a few Genes before Matt Boxes were given away, soldiers cheered and blessed, and good done all round.

Saturday we started for PETERBORO where we had a most blessed week-end. Meetings and marches grand, especially the Sunday night meeting, when some souls sought and found salvation. We had a glorious finish which ended with a dance and march round the hall and other things which we shall not mention. Peterboro is a grand place for the S. A. People know how to appreciate a good thing. They have a live corps, and a rattling band who know how to play as well as sing.

Monday afternoon we started for NEWBOLD. We stayed at Brother and Sister Bathgate's over night, who were the very essence of kindness. What with fresh milk, ditto eggs, green peas, new potatoes, fruit, etc., to use the Ensign's quotation, we went away "feeling good and stout."

We arrived in NEWBOLD in time for meeting, where we had a nice little time. NEWBOLD is a hard nut to crack. Captain Gannaway and Lieutenant Green are doing their best to crack it.

Wednesday and Thursday nights were spent at WALKERBORO, where Captain Beckett has worked like a Trojan. She was rejoicing in the fact that the corps was clear of the debt, which has been resting upon it for some time. We had a small meeting Wednesday night, but a better one Thursday, that being 12th of July the Orange Societies from surrounding towns and villages met for their walk, which brought a crowd of people to town. Soldiers and officers from neighboring corps came in and a good time was had. We closed our operations at 8:30 and ended up at 8:30. We took up a collection and got \$3, which was very good. We had a nice little meeting in the evening.

Friday we were on our way for CAMBRIDGEPORT where Captain and Mrs. Walker are doing a good work. The barracks have been greatly improved of late. Things look clean and cheerful. We had a good meeting, but no souls.

Saturday we started for home. Arrived just in time to catch the train for Toronto. Thus ended a very pleasant trip.

VICTORY, for Ensign MACDONALD.

Africa was only £100 short of £2,000 for Self-Denial.

A SCRIBE'S OUTING.

As I write I am sitting on the train, en route to Harbor Grace to take a short rest. As I look out of the car window I find myself wishing that some of my Canadian friends and readers of the WAR CRY, who sometimes look upon Newfoundland as some day, as the land of fish, rocks and fog, could just have a glimpse of the lovely bit of scenery to be seen as we pass along.

On the one side the tall granite cliffs, and on the other the beautiful blue waters of Conception Bay stretching away from the pebbly beach and sparkling and dancing in the bright sunlight.

Over on the other side in the distance can be seen different points, bold and rocky, jutting out into the waters of the bay, clearly outlined, while right in the centre is

A Massive Iceberg.

one of those wanderers from the far north which visit Newfoundland in the early spring, oftentimes lingering around the shores until far into the summer.

There it reposes in lonely grandeur, its base in the blue waters and its summit apparently racing against the blue of the sky, the sunlight glancing on the glittering wharves, and with bands of blue sky, sometimes, looking strangely out of place in contrast with some green fields near the shore.

So much for the outlook. By my side sits Cadet Brown, from Bonaville, on his way to the Training Garrison, which is now full to overflowing. Mother Jamie Knight, my old comrade, being much in the predicament of "Old Mother Hubbard," of nursery rhyme fame, having now ten cadets in the Home, and still they come.

Looking at Cadet, memory carries me back to the moment between five and six years ago when in the position, I boarded the train in the old home depot with

That Strange Lump

in my throat and sore feeling about the heart that all new cadets know something about, finding the cross not only in bearing one's own share, but in laying it on others whom we felt would have shied from it could we have done so and retained the smile and favor of God.

The dear Lord had said, "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of me."

Though oftentimes the cry had rung in our ears as it did in His, "Come down from the cross and save thyself and us," yet when we remembered that He who hung there for us endured to the end and that He might save us, it helped us to close our eyes to all our own voices and listen only to the voice which we heard so clearly behind us, saying,

"This is the Way,

walk ye in it," though it seemed strange the way in which God was leading us, yet we felt it was—

"Ours not to make reply,
Ours not to reason why,
Ours but to do or die."

Reasoning ourselves from these thoughts, we noticed on old lady coming into the car. After a few minutes, getting into conversation with her, we found that she was a new convert from one of our new openings, Dildo, where she had been converted during the past winter and spring.

God also gave us the opportunity of speaking to an elderly gentleman who sat opposite about his soul. Sadly to find out that, though between seventy and eighty years of age, by his own confession, he was

Unprepared to Die.

We talked to him and left him, praying that God might still have mercy on him.

Very soon we were at Harbor Grace, walking down the familiar street, meeting every now and then on old comrade or friend.

Making our way to the garrison we were met at the door by a cadet, who warmly welcomed the new cadet, showing her that we were on our way to a beautiful place. We found Captain Knight and Captain Clarke as usual in good spirits, we believe fully enjoying the life.

Leaving the cadet at the garrison we made our way to Brother Whitman's, where there is always a welcome for S.A. officers. Those who have partaken of their hospitality in the past will be glad to hear that they are still in the fight, and love the Army as well as ever.

Though on furlough, we had the privilege of meeting with our

Old Comrades and Friends

in the Friday night holiness meeting, when the Lord came very near, and also in the Sunday's meetings.

We were very glad to see some new faces on the platform, faces which we had not seen in the audience. Also to notice some of the old soldiers were getting into new uniforms. A good sign, we thought, of the work being done in the corps.

On Monday we visited some of our old friends who were unable to get to the meetings. God bless them! And the next morning we were on our way to St. John's, feeling that the rest, though short, had benefited us in body and soul.

We are finishing this report in

Our accustomed Camer

in the Provincial Headquarters, where, though the most of our time is spent behind the scenes, we still feel that our whole heart and soul is in this glorious war, and we are glad and happy to have the privilege of fighting with any weapon, though it be but a pen.

V. J.

TO THE FALLS AND BACK.

One, if not all, is sorely tempted, at any rate, make some effort to get, if only for a few hours, away from city life and noise, to the quieter, calmer life of the village, or seek a change somewhere where opportunity presents itself.

Salvationists after all are only human, and no strangers to the temptation of this kind. One thing we have, however, learned is to do as occasion serves. When surrounded by Christians, selfish pleasure-seekers, so I believe the following as heartily bears out.

Two hosts ran; the first took the majority of officers and pick of our crowd; the second, the remainder.

In host number two, the professed love of God and His service predominated. A meeting was at once commenced, in which Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, and Salvationists joined. Captain Savage led off with a good solid testimony, Miss MacDonald followed, the Rev. Mr. Salmon next, who at the close proposed that a collection should be taken up for the benefit of the Salvation Army, and heartily did it respond, \$4 being the result.

We called at Niagara, where we parted with our friends, wishing them a good, beneficial time, and which they just as heartily reciprocated.

The scenery and wonderful works of God in nature, to be seen on Niagara River, set us up, Mr. Editor—gratefully received our deliverance and happiness with the result, that upon arrival at the Falls, or Wesley Park, where the tent was placed (after a charming ride on the electric car), we were ready for anything, especially, by the way, a limonade drink, Solo being out of the question.

The afternoon holiness meeting in tent was a great time, led by the Brigadier, not just as helpful to all concerned. Testimonies were to the point in question, and practice—imaginary or otherwise—was encouraged, and more determined onslaught on the forces of sin and hell descended upon.

Our hosts left early, and we parted with Brigadier and company, paying the result of night meeting, would culminate in a graceful and quality.

We, however, made up for this loss by having a meeting on board, going home. The testimonies to the saving and helping power of God were short. An invitation to sinners was given; rapt attention, and \$3 collection.

God bless the Niagara people, our denominational friends and Ensign Turner, who led so ably on board.

Edw.

New Westminster, B.C.—Our allies are still fighting to conquer sin. Withering and withering officers are united to do faithfully with the unweary and bring the light to a perishing God. Blessed be the name of the Lord Who giveth us the victory. We have been most blessed and comforted in the fight since Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald have come to help in the rough places here have been successful and the crooked places made straight.—J. P. GANNWAY.

Dartmouth, N. S.—Since last report we have had the joy of seeing ten souls at the Cross, two for pardon, eight for the blessing of a clean heart. Our open-air work and also the inside meetings, also covered with interest. We have arranged to have our corps meet Sunday. A team has been sent that will take to the old Harbor, where we are believed for arranging victory. We are told, a good collection will be taken, souls will be saved, converts obtained, Christians blessed. Mrs. Felt, with some special help, will lead in the greater forces at home.—Captain and Mrs. Felt.

North-West and B.C. Travels and Triumphs.

Being a Stirring Account of the Travels, Incidents, Battles, and Victories in Connection with Major and Mrs. Read's Seven Weeks' Tour from Winnipeg to the Coast.

BY MAJOR READ.
CHAPTER I.

Fifteen



Elated and overjoyed we left the Winnipeg C. P. R. depot at 11 a.m. on Tuesday, July 10th. The night previous fifteen comrades had knelt at the Winnipeg penitentiary crying for deliverance. It was a beautiful counsel, and a big crowd of soldiers and recruits eagerly listened as we tried to urge them on to "fight." A nice little officer had preceded this counsel, so that it is no wonder we felt good that morning as we boarded the train. A group of Salvationists waved their parting salutes, and Captain Shea's "We'll hold the fort while you are gone" crested within us a deeper feeling that all would go along swimmingly well during our absence.

Before entering the car we had a little meeting on the platform. Ensign Rawling prayed that God would give us glorious victories in the great North-West, and off we glided towards Moomin.

Two reporters wanted to know some particulars of our journey. One was tackled by myself and the other by Captain Shea, whose yellow coat and big S. A. thereon were very conspicuous.

At Portage Captain Elliott boarded the train, and Sister Ballard and others were at the depot to cheer us on.

At Carberry Sergeant-Major Davidson gripped our hands, while Captain Bob Smith did business about the S. D. cow and the C. C. horse. In spite of all Bob's upbraid, he is getting there.

What a hubbub and noise we heard when nearing Moomin depot! There was Captain Green, Lieutenant Scott, and their plucky few soldiers giving us such a welcome in the words, "There's a welcome home," and they did sing! Really, Moomin ought to be a good place. There are five places of worship standing within a few yards of one another. Here are their positions:—

LOTS of Churches.



Oh, Moomin, how often would Jesus have gathered thee! Poor Captain Green's throat was hoarse. This hoarseness tells its tale.

TUESDAY, JULY 11TH. A soldiers' council previous to the open-air. Said open-air very interesting. Evidently Moomin residents do not understand the Salvation Army.



They forget that with us comes the power of God. The 8 p.m. meeting was not a crowded one for numbers, but a special feature of the same was the sweet singing of a

number of little girls who left the audience and stood across the platform. They sang,

"Till then all to meet me there"

with vigor, and the audience felt amused and interested. Three happy couples were introduced: Mrs. and Mrs. Read, Brother and Sister Paul, and Brother and Sister Howe. The dear fellow who cried for mercy at the close pulled out a big plug of dirty chewing tobacco and promised God he would do better.

WEDNESDAY, the twelfth day of July. Our pattern saint is Jesus! All kinds of correspondence occupied our time during the greater part of this day. When editing the *Cay* in Toronto some six years ago, a young man named Walker used to stand round the open-air meetings while the Salvation Army then conducted in the Queen's Park. To-day we had dinner with this very young man. He now acts as partner in a foundry business just started in Moomin. Caroline, Matie, and godless seemed the crowd of men to whom we talked near the Queen's Hotel to-night. In the indoor meeting Mrs. Read spoke about the social work, and your humble servant took his stand by the dear old Army and did some straight shooting at those who snubbed us.

While at this place we met a young fellow whose father is a minister. Drink has conquered the poor boy many a time. Then a young lad, a veritable wild one, not long out from London, England, spoke to us. He, too, has sunk deep in sin. Oh, this Western country seems to be the haunt for such sin-shackled beings! Away from parental restraint, down they go in the vortex of profligation and vice.

Captain Nancy Green has a tough job, but she possesses a very lively, energetic, devoted spirit, and assisted by Lieutenant Scott we verily believe they will yet see Moomin's wilderness blossom and bloom as a new Eden. Major Joseph Lowe seems a loyal, true Salvationist. Our visit to Moomin will live in our memories.

Just before leaving this place, Brother Willey walked into the quarters with a bag on his shoulder containing a very good set of harness, which he kindly donated to the Salvation Army for circus corps operations. This dear brother and his wife and children are salvation nomads. They are travelling in a covered wagon from Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, to Woodville, Montana. Living, sleeping, eating, etc., in their wagon. God bless Brother and Sister Willey!

Our next appointment is Prince Albert.

(More next week.)

Chatham, N. B., District.

A picnic at Millerton on the 2nd of July was the order of the day. Chatham and Newcastle united, and going by boat we had a pleasant time.

We had good weather in spite of prophecy to the contrary, and a bright, happy, busy day.

Lots of provision for the body and plenty, too, for the soul. Everybody was anxious to get the former, not so many the latter.

Meeting at night a time of specially definite dealing with sinners. Good seed was sown faithfully. We all, that is, Ensigns, Captains Allan and Fitzell, Lieutenant Welch, and yours faithfully worked the best of our ability, and were willingly and ably assisted by the comrades of both corps.

A little fence took place on the grounds in the afternoon. A few unwarmed lads had liquor in, and a small fight ensued, grieving us for the time considerably, but the following Sunday night Lieutenant Welch was the happy officer who over the foremost fighter grounded his weapons at Jesus' feet. He has since taken his place as a convert should. Praise God!

Financially we did well. After expenses were paid each corps received half of the proceeds.

We enjoyed a good holiness meeting at Newcastle a few nights after while on our way to Campbellton. Some others didn't enjoy it, but we trust they will be benefited by it.

Campbellton was the next scene of action for Captain Allan and myself. Ensign had been announced, but couldn't get there Saturday, Sunday, and Monday.

A blessed, happy, useful week-end was spent. Captain Larder has taken hold, and Lieutenant Brehant, that little WAR CRY boomer (they ought to order ten or fifteen more at once, Mr. Editor), is helping her. [We believe they will soon.—Ed.]

The kindness shown to us while there was more than I can express. Mrs. Duncan, our kind hostess, will keep a warm place in our memories, while Lieutenant Duncan, Pat Smith, and others were more than good. I don't blame officers for liking to rest there. If I wanted to rest I might sigh for Campbellton, too.

Our Saturday meeting saw a little red-headed boy at the penitent-form. If he has as much sincerity as volubility, he'll make a soldier yet. God bless the little lad.

Sunday's meetings were all good, and God's presence was manifest in every one.

A strapping commercial man, under the influence of liquor, disturbed our night prayer meeting somewhat. He was full of admiration and love for a "little sister" of his whom his mother had turned out for not going with her to church. He told how his little sister had prayed for him and pleaded with him. "I wish I could believe as she does, but I can't," said he. I believe he will be saved yet. Sisters, your prayers and faithfulness stand between your unwarmed ones and God's wrath. Pray on.

A great event was announced for Monday. Indeed it was a combination of events, as a big banquet, followed by the first

hallelujah wedding in Campbellton, and another banquet after that were all to take place.

The tables looked very pretty with their snowy linen, shining silver, flowers and eatables, and evidently the food was toothsome, as I heard of one young man who ate three suppers. It was most orderly in every way; I mean the banquet was.

The wedding was held in another hall larger than ours, and was speedily filled to the doors. The services began in Army style, and during the first song the bridal party took their seats. The late Methodist minister there, in fact just leaving that night, was with us and tied the knot.

Brother Havelock Thompson and his little bride kept as cool as if they were used to wedding. God bless them. We hope they will be as happy as some of us have found it possible to be in such circumstances. They were supported by two of the comrades, and wore regulation uniform, only wearing the gaiters. I heard they had been influenced in this by seeing others do likewise on a similar occasion. I don't think they'll do it again.

REV. MR. MATTHEW is what one would take to be a nice man. Young and pleasant looking, his face beaming with salvation light, he looked quite at home amongst us, and as soon as the Army Articles were read and the young folk willing to abide by mild conditions "stood forth," he took hold and married them securely, after which he spoke for a few minutes to the assembled crowd.

He told us he believed in the Army and sympathized heartily with its work. He felt that we had taught the churches of the land several valuable lessons and would probably teach them a few more. He also told a mighty truth when he emphatically declared that the Salvation Army had taught amongst other things the value of Christian work, and said if converts didn't begin to work as soon as saved and equipped as Christ's soldiers, they would undoubtedly backslide. "They are backsliders," said he, "whether they think so or not." They backslide and go back into the world. He urged upon the people the necessity of salvation.

A few testimonies were given. Captain Allan had a few words, and we went into a short prayer meeting pleading for souls. None would yield, and we soon adjourned to the banquet for supper, and soon after retired to rest. Nobody objected to the Army form of meetings, even when we tried to make things appear as serious as they are. I believe Campbellton people love the Army and pray for the officers' success in winning souls.

A good case of conversion took place there in Captain Rosch's final farewell meeting. This brother promised to make a soldier, and is on the march on platform giving testimony to God's goodness.

Things have been stiff and hard in Chatham in some ways lately, but the corps is not "looking up" as per the old preacher (i.e., lying on his back). One precious soul was saved last week.

EDITH MRS. BRADLEY.

We are assured, in the Canadian WAR CRY just to hand, that at Kingston, the other day, "the band played till they blew out a lamp." The bandmen of the Old Country have not attained to such perfection as that!—English War Cry.

ON DRESS.

From Various Sources.

BY MRS. MAJOR READ.

"Be not conformed to this world." . . .
 "Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty." . . . "That women adorn themselves in modest apparel."

Reading an account of Mrs. Booth's counsel with women warriors and the decision arrived at re uniforms, has reminded me of a subject that has been much upon my mind of late viz., dress and fashion and Christian women.

It seems strange at this late day of Gospel light and truth that so many professing Christians should be apparently so blind as to the disastrous results which follow as the consequence of conformity to the world and its fashions by those who take upon themselves the name of Jesus.

I will mention but two or three of the evils that it leads to.

First. DISOBEDIENCE. "Be not conformed." If "obedience is better than sacrifice" how down the Lord of heaven and earth look upon His professed followers who "conform," even if they do spend hours in visiting the sick and doing other good works, and giving their substance to the poor?

Such sacrifice of time and money must seem in the ear of omnipotence like the "bleating" of Saul's sheep and the "lowing of the cattle," when one of the first principles of the Bible—conformity to the world—is disregarded.

That this is a strict command can be doubted by none who study the spirit of Divine truth all the way through.

Analize the motives that actuate this conformity, Christian sister, and what do you find? Put them in a simple, plain interrogatory form and they will read somewhat like this style:

Excuse: "I desire to look like other people."

Answer: "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

Excuse: "Other professors of religion wear the same fashion."

Answer: "What is that to thee? Follow thou me!"

Excuse: "I love God and my affections are not set on these things."

Answer: "God would soon find how false such reasoning is if you laid aside your ornaments."

Excuse: "I do like to be admired for my taste, etc."

Answer: "Let your adornment be a meek and quiet spirit. A beautiful character."

Excuse: "One might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion."

Answer: "Ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world."

If I do to the world you would have no desire for these things. "A dead bird has no use for feathers."

Excuse: "I can afford these things."

Answer: "Ye are not your own . . . therefore, glorify God in your body and spirit, which are God's, and devote your money to your hungry, shivering, and suffering brother and sister."

Excuse: "I never had the light."

Answer: "That word is a lamp unto my feet; and a light unto my path."

Excuse: "I do not believe it is wrong to dress as one pleases."

Answer: "We ought not to please ourselves . . . for even Christ pleased not Himself."

Excuse: "It makes no difference how you dress if your heart is right."

Answer: "You may as well say, it makes no difference how false you speak or set so long as your soul is true."

But to this excuse we refer the reader to Matthew vii. 20.

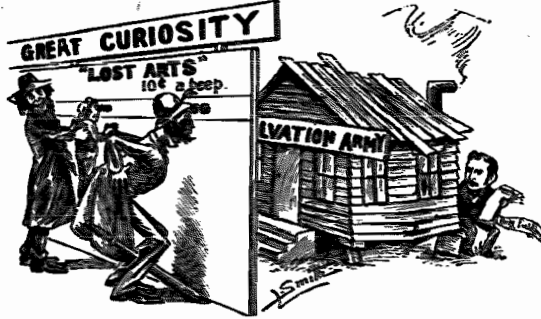
The second great evil that presents itself to me is, namely, bondage.

"Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty."

What liberty has the woman, who, several times during a short twelve months, has to waste God's precious time in going from store to store, fashion plate to fashion plate to study how she must clothe the body, which her neglected Bible says should be the "temple of the Holy Ghost?"

She is a slave. She has forged a chain which is dragging her farther away from heaven and peace; and every season it is becoming strengthened, and ultimately her anchorage will be loosened from the Cross entirely.

Her bondage makes her a slave first to her friends, society, and the whims and fancies of a capricious, changing and changeable world. A world which derives its fashion by imitating the habiliments of women whom not one in a hundred of her



Our United States Editor gives one of the American P.O.'s a severe rub about his "War Cry" sales. Would the same picture apply to any Canadian comrade?—Ed.

Jesus is Enough.

BY SISTER MARY HALL, RIVERSIDE.

TUNE.—Jesus waits to pardon you.

Let me tell to you my heart's great joy,
 I've found a Friend enough for me,
 I touched His robes as He passed by,
 And found in Him enough for me.
 I'd tried and often tried in vain
 To free my soul from Satan's reign;
 When I gave up trying and to Jesus came,
 I found He was enough for me.

CHORUS.

Yes, Jesus is enough for me,
 He truly is enough for me;
 Whatever my needs in this life may be,
 He's still enough for me.

I saw Him kneeling on the cold, damp ground,
 And sweating drops of blood for me;
 I heard Him say, "They will be done,"
 And know He was enough for me.
 He has gone from mortal sight away,
 But strangely near He comes to-day;
 I can hear His gentle voice which says to me,
 "My grace is quite enough for thee."

Richmond Street.—The signs of the times look good here at present. Since taking charge ten adults and four little girls have knelt at the penitent form for pardon. We are all united for victory.—Captain EDWARD WIGGINS.

Fighting, fighting along the narrow way. Yes, thank God, we are still fighting, believing that ere long the forces of hell shall be driven back and victory shall come. One of our brother soldiers, over eighty years, walked sixteen miles yesterday to be present at the meetings. Is it any wonder he went home happy? We are doing our best to sell the Cry. One gentleman gave a dollar for one last week.—Capt. FENWAY.

Brussels.—It is a long time since you heard from us, but I am glad to tell you we are living and fighting for God. Since coming to Brussels we have had a nice time, meetings very good and interesting. We have a nice lot of soldiers, and they are taking hold of the meetings very well. There were seven of us at knee-drill on Sunday. Our open-air are getting very good. Thank God, we have had one soul since coming here.—Captain A. ROWS.

Vancouver.—The Lord's host is being still led on by the fighting Lieutenant, although not very strong in body apparently, but strong in the strength that God supplies through His eternal Son. Friday's holiness meeting was really a hallowed time, for the Spirit of the God of Israel was there. The Lieutenant was detained, and the meeting was opened by Bro. Wm. Campbell in a most able fashion. At half-past six, and by the time the Lieutenant came he had things at boiling heat inside and the devil raging out side at the door, going to put a need on Sergeant Gibson for keeping him outside. The Sergeant has still the same head that we used to recognize him by, and we all rejoiced with joy and gladness when we saw a backslider come out and get full of glory, making three for the week. Drummer "Sunshine" is still doing his level best to knock the heads out of the drum, and the General Secretary is just smiling the "Grace-before-meat" boxes on to all and sundry, whilst the Treasurer, in looking down and down, makes out our late beloved Ensign Frith so much that they have concluded to call her Ensign, and the corps generally is on the up grade; but keep believing, and look out for a hallooing wedding in the next report.—E. HUGGINS, Special Correspondent.

A PRAYERLESS soul is a heavenless soul.

"TEARS are pure in proportion to the depth from which they come and not merely from the copiousness with which they flow."

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BATTLEFIELD ECHOES

Winnipeg Garrison.—Last Saturday night one man came out and gave his life to God. In Sunday morning holiness meeting five souls came out for sanctification; one in the afternoon for conversion, and three in the night meeting.—**Cadet KILCH.**

Pugwash, N.S.—The Lord wonderfully helped us on Sunday last. A precious soul volunteered for salvation immediately the invitation was given in the night meeting. We rejoice in victory, for we fight to win.—**C. T. M. P.** for Captain TAYLOR.

Frederickton, N.B.—Friday night, two out for sanctification, and one soul sought pardon from her sins on Saturday night. Good crowds at meetings every night. Soldiers all on fire. We are having the victory, and the devil is being defeated.

Sunday night's meeting closed with three souls for salvation. Barnack falls; meetings led by Lieutenant LeCoeq.—**Sister POLLOCK.**

Coaticook is a pretty place, and one host of some real good friends, still in refuge in their hearts. After giving out salvation truths for some weeks, the ice has commenced to thaw. Two souls came to our Saviour last week, one a wild man who had been a soldier for some years, but about two years ago left his God. Hallelujah, he is home once more.—**Captain MORRIS** and Lieutenant BRADSHAW.

Brantford.—We are having victory over the devil, and the powers of darkness are being defeated. Beautiful meeting, commencing at seven o'clock. It sharpened us for the day's fight. God came to our help at night. Five precious souls came and knelt at the Cross. Soldiers prayed and fought like tigers, and we had a glory hallelujah wind-up. Cheer, Mr. Editor, we want you to come over to our beautiful city of Brantford. We keep believing for you any way. You are welcome if you will come. The people would like to see you.—**Lieutenant FRY.**

Winnipeg District.—We are still rising. Last week we had the joy of seeing ten souls weep their way to Calvary. Lieutenant Davidson, from the East, led the holiness meeting, Sunday morning. We felt the power of God in our midst very much. We had two out for the blessing and one for salvation. Meetings good all day. Our Ensign being away, the war was carried on by Lieutenant Chilton and Cadets. God gave us a wonderful time. We closed the day with four souls in the fountain.—**Cadet MUNN.**

Godorich.—We are still fighting on. Though the fight is hard we will never give in. God has blessed us very much this last two weeks by sending along two backsliders to our soldiers' meetings very drunk, but, praise be to God, before long the both were calling to God for mercy. God came in mighty power and took hold of them. One said his pipe was his greatest trouble, but the moment he was willing to give it up, God was willing to take him and freely forgive him his sins. The other had a hard struggle, but got the victory at last, so both went on their way rejoicing, knowing that God had met them two and two more.—**Lieutenant CULMER** for Captain SCOTT.

Dovercourt is not dead yet, nor is there any sign of dying. Cadet Pinnell and I took the meetings yesterday, and had a very good time.

Saturday night we had two open-air stands, and while singing the "Ranter," one Auxiliary brother got the glory in his feet, and had a regular dance, which we all very much enjoyed. At knee-drill God met with us and richly blessed us. The holiness meeting, too, was a time of great blessing and power, preparing us for a grand free-and-easy in the Park, where we had a beautiful chance to speak and sing for God. Many responded very liberally to our drum-head collection, and came with interest to our evening meeting, where God's Spirit took hold of the people's hearts.—**Cadet HARTS.**

Bellefleur District.—Pitons, Bloomfield, Devercourt, and Bellefleur united for a field day, Monday, July 16th, at Indian Woods. Such were the glancing announcements on the street corners at Bellefleur.

We engaged the a. s. G. H. Morris, a beautiful host, with good accommodation. We arrived safe at the grounds about ten a. m. The Pitons and Bloomfield people got in about 12:30. The strains of salvation music from the Pitons band just delighted the hearts of

the people, and put them in good trim for an enjoyable day. Of course Bellefleur was all there, with their five loud-sounding brass instruments. We sat down together to a good meal, and then made preparations for a meeting, which was a good one indeed. The people enjoyed it very much. Many rejoiced that they no longer want to picnic and other places to do evil in order to get enjoyment, for Christ has destroyed the evil and now satisfies every desire. We had to wind up the meeting about five o'clock owing to the Pitons and Bloomfield people having to go.

We arrived at Bellefleur about 10:30 p. m., feeling we had put in a real enjoyable day to the glory of God.—**Ensign and Mrs. WISMAN.**

Orangeville.—We have just been blessed with a visit from our D. O., Ensign McAdam, who arrived here on Saturday, assisted by Captain Tappin, who kept things lively. God bless him. We had a good crowd to speak to in the open air. I do love the open air work, and for my part I rejoice to have the privilege and honor of being a Salvationist. It is not ashamed to unveil the blood-stained banner of the Cross to the poor, lost, unhappy people who are trying to satisfy their desire in the pleasures of the world. Sunday we began well. God did bless us, and in all our meetings we had much liberty. At the close we had the joy of seeing two young women coming to the fountain that can make clean from all sin. The Ensign stayed with us on Monday night, and we had another go in, and God was with us and blessed us, and although we had a small meeting we had one dear soul. Oh, may she prove true to God. The fight is hard, but God is with us, and who can be against us?—**Captain MAX.**

Ligar Street.—One of the soldiers says "he has had a clean heart and a clean mouth since old chubbly has been turned out, and he means to give the old devil a crack every time." Knee-drill was one of unusual interest. A Quaker's meeting had been announced, and quite a number came. We all sat down, and one looked at the other, but no one made a motion to start the meeting. In a few moments, Ensign Firth, being led by the Spirit, prayed, and then went to the back of the barracks. It was really a soul-reviving time, and I believe every Quaker present got filled with the Spirit.

In the afternoon one gentleman gave us twenty-five cents for a Wax Cax. Ensign gave us a sketch of her first corps. At night—well, one had to be there to appreciate it. While we sang,

"We have a message, a message from Jesus,"

God came upon the meeting. We had Major Fry with us, and while he was with Sergeant-Major sang,

"Have ye not do you journey?"

It seemed as though the flood gates of heaven were opened, and the convulsing spirit was felt in many an unwarmed soul. Every soldier worked hard, and prayed with all their

hearts. Ensign gave the invitation and pleaded with the people.—**Cadet M. A. H.**

Morrisburg.—Although our hearts are sad because we cannot report souls being saved, yet we rejoice to know that "God is keeping His soldiers fighting," and we are determined that "eventually we shall conquer them."

Sunday night, Captain Davis gave us a lift on the way.

Thursday night as we were marching up Main Street, we saw an unknown gentleman on the sidewalk reaching out his hand toward us; then we saw the Captain hurriedly leave our ranks, and in a short time return with a smiling face and an extra dollar in his pocket. "Praise the Lord," he exclaimed, "I wish I could meet a few more gentlemen like that."

Saturday night Captain Brindley gave us his Salvation Army experience, which was very interesting.

Sunday, Lieutenant Vina Boles was with us. She is at present at her home in Antville, where her mother lies very ill, seemingly near the valley and the shadow of death. We would like to ask every comrade to pray for them both.

Sunday nights we have blessed open-air meetings on Canal Street, near the locks, using a post for a pulpit. Large crowds of pleasure-seekers listen to the burning truths uttered by our comrades.—**Erna WHITMAN.**

Kington.—God has been wonderfully blessing us in many ways during the last few weeks.

Last Saturday and Sunday the writer was privileged to attend the camp meeting at Sunbury conducted by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Sharp, reinforced by Lieutenant Dearthall, Captain Burrows, and Lieutenant Carter. The first convert was a sister to Mrs. Staff-Captain Sharp, who came to Jesus at knee-drill on Sunday morning. A good crowd was present at the afternoon meeting, but no visible results. I was at Kington for the evening meeting. After a rousing open-air on the dock the meeting was held inside. Good crowd, warm time, and two souls.

On Thursday night, Evangelist Thorley, wife and daughter, led the meeting, and gave a series of magic lantern views and stories of London slums, and talk on temperance. Mrs. and Miss Thorley sang some soul-stirring pieces. We are rising.—**W. RICHES.**

Peterboro' Corps and District.—I heard Captain Edgecombe give a big talk in Peterboro' barracks the Sunday night he was with us, from one of his favorite texts. In the prayer meeting that followed this powerful discourse, I saw some nights that would gladden the hearts of any Salvationist. I saw nine souls at the penitential form; some of them got saved, but others would not yield all to God, and of course did not get saved.

I saw a convert of a few weeks' standing dealing with a sinner, and being unable to get her to come to the penitential form alone, she got another soldier to help her; the consequence was that I heard that sinner cry for mercy.

I also saw two handmen and three other soldiers around one sinner, but he was a hard

case, and would not yield, though he had hot time of it—in fact, every sinner in the prayer meeting had rather a warm time, as we had all the soldiers in among them dealing with them.

Next day Captain Edgecombe and I started for Nonwood.

I heard Captain Beckett say that she had all the debt paid off in Warkworth. This made me feel very good, and I said, "Praise the Lord!" I saw the Orangemen march in Warkworth, and heard a great deal of talk about religious liberty, but I was sorry to see before the day was over that some of the Orangemen were not at all at liberty, but were slaves to sin and strong drink.

I heard on our arrival at Canby that Captain Walker was out in the country visiting. I venture to say that he is the champion visitor of the whole Dominion. He has averaged twenty-seven hours and a half per week for four months. If there is any one who can beat that I would like to hear from them. I saw an old lady at this place 74 years of age, who has recently been enrolled as a soldier. She can run like a girl of sixteen to be in time for the march. I did wish that some of our younger people elsewhere had seen her; it might make them get a novel one.

I heard when I got home that Captain Cameron had been having good times both in the open-air and in the barracks. I saw three more souls at the penitential form last Sunday night. Saw seventy soldiers at soldiers' meetings, and I am hoping to have and see lots of good things in the future.—**Erna MACDONALD.**

Bird Island Cove.—Praise the Lord, we can report victory from this little corner of the vineyard. Sunday, old-time roses; one soul in the fountain. On Monday night an other backslider returned to the fold, and also consented to have some of the flowers which he had received from her hand-dress. We are in the fighting and standing like bricks in the days of the sword.—**Sergeant-Major Home** for Lieutenant THOMSON.

Mn. Edson.—This is my first time in writing a report for the CRY, so I'll point out towards the waste paper basket, and if it goes in I won't be disappointed. (Go on writing brother.—Ed.)

"Far from a world of care and sin,
With God eternally shut in."

Carbonara.—On Monday, June 10th, between the hours of five and six, Emma, the beloved wife of Brother James Clark, quietly passed from this world of care to the rest that remains to the people of God.

Just four months previous to the day of her death, she wished to see us; she was at this time very weak. We went, and as we entered that home her face told us plainly that her peace was not made with God. We prayed, and while singing,

"There is a fountain filled with blood,"

she knew that fountain was open for her, and just there stepped in and proved its healing power. After that she was always bright and cheerful; although so weak and prostrate, often too tired to talk, she always rejoiced in Christ was near.

We visited her on Friday. Her death took place on the Monday following, and while leading to her of the Celestial City, her face lit up with joy.

Her last words were, "I'm going home to Jesus." Her request was that we should bury her in the Salvation Army cemetery.

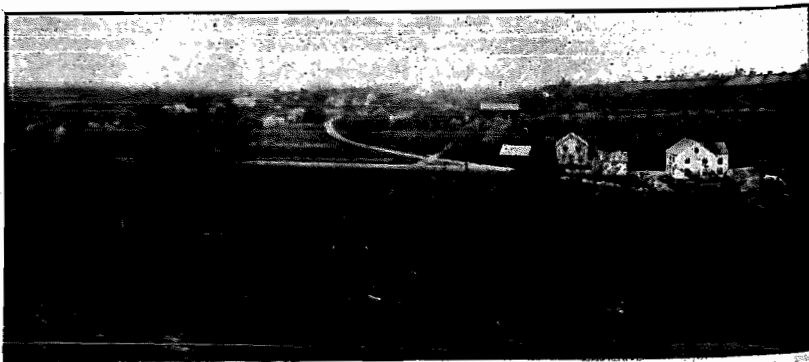
On Wednesday we gave her a proper Army funeral, which was well attended by the soldiers and friends. The service at the graveside was very impressive, as the comrades told of what blessings they had received in visiting her.

On Sunday night the memorial service was held. One soul sought and found Christ.

Since her death her little child of fourteen months has gone to meet its mother and to help swell the number. Sinner, death is on your track. Prepare to meet God.

The light at length is over,
Shine forth the battle well;
Her home will be for ever
The place where angels dwell.

—**Captain SPOOT.**



GRAND PRE VILLAGE.

Now Ready!
"FROM VICTORY TO VICTORY."